



Carlsbrook. Summer Home of the Wards.

The country place of Beverly Ward, Sr., father of the young man whose sudden and mysterious death has shocked society. It adjoins the grounds of the Baltusrol Golf Club, near Short Hills, N. J.

The vial had been full when Ward retired to his room.

"Wake up, Beverly," he said, gently shaking the recumbent figure in the bed. Getting no response, Chamberlain, now thoroughly alarmed, leaned over and gazed into the face of his friend. The cheeks and lips retained the hue of health, but when Chamberlain laid his hand upon the face and chest the absence of breath or heart-beat evidenced that life had departed.

Too Late for Help.

Without waiting to dress, Chamberlain dashed down stairs and aroused Henry Sherman, steward of the club. Sherman called in "Tom" Gourley, master of the links, over which Beverly Ward had so often played, and the three men ascended to Ward's bedroom, while one of the club grooms hurriedly hitched up a horse to get a doctor.

Dr. Wellington Campbell, of Short Hills, for whom Sherman went as soon as the horse was ready, returned with him to the clubhouse at once. He arrived shortly after 7 o'clock, and after examining the body said that Mr. Ward had been dead for several hours.

News of the young man's death was at once telegraphed to his father in this city, and Mr. Chamberlain drove to Fairwood to notify County Physician Westcott, in order that there might be no delay about removing the body.

Meantime Dr. Campbell and the employees of the golf club set about removing all evidence that would tend to show that Ward's death was due to poison self-administered. The half-empty vial, which was subsequently found to contain chloral, was taken from the room, and when Mr. Chamberlain returned his first act was to collect all the letters and papers in the pockets of the dead man's clothes and burn them in the big fireplace of the club ordinary.

Chamberlain did what he thought his friend would have desired. Shuman acted under the instructions of members of the Golf Club.

Dr. Campbell's acquiescence in the scheme of secrecy is explained by the circumstance that it was he who gave Ward the prescription for the chloral which he ended his life.

Beverly Ward, Sr., father of the dead man, arrived at Short Hills shortly after noon. He was accompanied by Mrs. Ward, his second wife, and the young man's stepmother. They went directly from the station to the residence of Dr. Wellington Campbell. To them, and them only, Dr. Campbell confided that the young man's death was due to poison, self-administered probably with suicidal intent.

"Your son died of some kind of poison," he said, "I don't know what it was yet."

The father was greatly affected, and Mrs. Ward wept bitterly.

The Mother's Accusation.

"My boy killed himself," said Mr. Ward, "because his heart was broken by a woman. He has been in love with her for over two years, and she finally threw him over for another man."

"His life was ruined," continued Miss Ward, "and he began to drink again. Now he has taken this fatal dose."

To nobody except the relatives of the dead man would Dr. Campbell admit that he died of poison until Dr. Westcott, County Physician of Union County, had issued a certificate upon which the permit to remove the body was obtained. This permit, signed by Assessor Jeremiah H. Hoff, specifically stated the cause of death as "chronic poisoning."

After it became a matter of record Dr. Campbell admitted that Mr. Ward's death was due to "accidental poisoning." Up to that time he and all the members and employees of the Baltusrol Golf Club had persisted in the statement that Ward died of heart failure.

In reply to a specific question Campbell said "It was a case of accidental death. I was called to the Baltusrol Club House shortly after 7 o'clock, and found Mr. Ward dead when I arrived. I do not know what caused his death. I will not affirm nor deny that he killed himself. There were no marks of violence upon the body."

Mr. Chamberlain acknowledged that he had burned all the letters and papers he could find in his dead friend's pockets. He said there was none which indicated any intention to commit suicide.

Young Ward's Friend.

Mr. Chamberlain is a son of a former Governor of South Carolina, and a life-long friend of Beverly Ward, Jr. He has been almost continuously in the young man's company for several weeks, and knows more of his affairs and of the events which preceded the tragedy than anybody else.

Mr. Chamberlain scouted the idea that a love affair had led his friend to commit suicide. He told several members of the Golf Club that worthy about money matters and continuous excessive drinking had nearly wrecked Ward's nervous system and made him morbid.

Mr. Chamberlain met Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Sr., at the club house at 1 o'clock, and they had luncheon together. Mr. Chamberlain told the father of the discovery of the young man's death.

While the parents sat in the chamber near the body, a gay party sat at luncheon on the floor below, and a dozen couples of brightly attired golf players strolled, over the 100-acre tract of land on which are laid out the Baltusrol links, over which Beverly Ward played his last game the day before.

None of them knew that one of the club's members lay dead in the club house and none had heard the story of the supposed suicide. But the laughter was stifled when

the black undertaker's wagon drove up to the entrance, and after it had departed such members as still remained at the club sat around the fire and discussed the tragedy.

Beverly Ward, Jr., was the only son of Beverly Ward, Sr., a wealthy real estate dealer, who has a home at No. 53 West Sixty-eighth street, this city, and a beautiful country place, Carlsbrook, adjoining the extensive grounds of the Baltusrol Golf Club, at Short Hills. The country house is in charge of a caretaker at present, the family having come into town several weeks ago.

Young Ward had been living at home with his father and his stepmother until last Tuesday, when he announced his intention of going to Baltusrol for a week's stay "to recuperate," as he phrased it.

At the Astoria Hotel Tuesday afternoon the young man met a party of friends, four of whom he invited to accompany him to the country. He had been drinking heavily, and was in a reckless mood. His friends now remember his manner and some significant words which accompanied the invitation.

"Come on, fellows," he said, "Be game and we'll all be in at the finish."

Only one of the party accepted the invitation. That was Mr. Chamberlain, classmate and life-long friend.

The two young men went down to Baltusrol by an evening train. They took no baggage, not even their golf clubs nor sticks. Servants of the club say that both continued drinking late into Tuesday night. When they were ready to retire they were assigned to adjoining bedrooms on the second floor of the rambling, picturesque clubhouse. They arose early Wednesday morning, and after breakfasting took one of the club traps and rode over to Carlsbrook, the Wards' Summer home, where they remained for a long time. Mr. Chamberlain said yesterday that they went to get some necessary clothes and toilet articles, having neglected to bring any from the city with them.

Ward's Last Game.

When they returned to the club for luncheon they began drinking again, but during the afternoon both went out with two other club members to play golf. Ward, who was considered one of the best players of the club, went over the course with E. N. Todd, and played a remarkably good game.

It was dusk when the young man returned to the club house and dined. Later they drove over to the neighboring village of Milburn in search of a burlier shop. Mr. Chamberlain has stated what occurred at Milburn.

"We were shaved and then we went into Witthoff's saloon and had a few more drinks," said he to one of the members of the club. Beverly wanted to get his prescription filled, and I went with him. When we got it we took a cab and started to the club.

"On the way he took the bottle of medicine out of his pocket. I took it and smelled it. I didn't know what it was, but it smelled like drugs, and I tried to throw it out of the window. Beverly grabbed my wrist, and as he is stronger than I, he got the bottle away and put it in his pocket. He was in good spirits when we returned to the house, and was so when he went to bed. He and I had a bargain that we would keep up our lark until Christmas, then we were going up in the country to our place to shoot rabbits and sober up. Beverly had been drinking heavily ever since the end of the Horse Show."

So another member of the club, Mr. Chamberlain, said: "I am afraid I am an unlucky man to travel with. This is the second adventure of this sort that has happened to me. Once before I had a friend put a bottle of his live-letters and then put a pistol behind his ear and pull the trigger. And now poor old Beverly has gone and done it. I'm going to take passage for Europe by the next steamer."

Gossip of a Love Affair.

Mr. Chamberlain, although he expressed several shades of opinion regarding the probable and possible causes of Mr. Ward's death, steadily maintained that there was no love affair back of it.

Other friends of the young man freely asserted their belief that Mr. Ward had taken his life in a fit of morose depression caused by a woman's fickleness.

The name of a young New York society woman whose engagement to a prominent club man was announced several days ago, was frequently mentioned in connection with this tragedy.

It was recalled that for two years young Ward had been very attentive to this lady, and that during the period of his favor in her eyes he had given up all his convivial habits and devoted himself assiduously to business in his father's office.

The same friends also pointed out the fact that Mr. Ward had left his father's home and gone into the country on the very day that the lady's engagement was announced, and that the time of his loss of her favor and the date of his return to a career of dissipation were about the same.

The young lady whose name was so freely mentioned in connection with that of Mr. Ward is Miss Elizabeth C. Stokes, daughter of Thomas Stokes, of No. 8 West Fifty-third street.

Nobody was prepared to say that any engagement ever existed between Mr. Ward and Miss Stokes, but his attentions to her during two years past has been marked, it was said. Miss Stokes declined to make any statement regarding the affair, but her father, Thomas Stokes, gave out a written statement denying that any engagement had ever existed between his daughter and Mr. Ward. Miss Stokes is an heiress, being related to the Cosatts, Dodges and Killbuck. Her engagement to Jules Vatable, a well-known society and club man, was announced last Wednesday.

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CHRISTINA NO MORE.

With Her Children She Is Ready for Speedy Flight to France.

POPULACE IS MENACING.

The Government Fears Revolution and Plants Cannon to Defend Itself.

GENERAL WEYLER THE CAUSE.

His Warm Reception at the Capital Reveals the Weakness of the Sagasta Administration—Soldiers Cannot Be Relied On.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.) Madrid, Dec. 16.—Fearful of excesses by a maddened populace, Queen Regent Christina, surrounded by her children, sits in the royal palace, ready to fly to France at the first sign of a revolutionary outbreak. All preparations for flight have been made, the entire military force of the capital having been so placed that it can be called on in case of royal retreat beyond the frontier.

These facts were sent to the St. James Gazette, to-day, in private Carlist letter.

The demonstrations against the Government—and there can be no mistaking the menacing attitude of the people—are due to the arrival of General Weyler. The warmth of his reception was significant, and the Government is thoroughly alarmed; so much so that it has taken measures to protect itself against insurrection. Every important street in the city can be swept by artillery, which has been concealed in advantageous positions. Even these precautions do not add materially to the feeling of security among officials, who think that the gunners sympathize with the discontented people, and therefore cannot be relied upon.

The animosity displayed against the Government is not moderated by the news of peace in the Philippine Islands.

ZANOLI USED POISON.

Continued from First Page.

ment it comes in contact with an acid is changed to a bright crimson.

Professor Galpin poured a few drops of the contents of the bottle upon a plate and dropped a piece of litmus into it. Immediately blue faded out and deepened into a pronounced crimson.

"You see," he said, "it is just as I told you, a corrosive acid. Let us see what effect it has on copper." He took a small saucer, green with age, and poured a few drops of the green stuff on the lid. "It will take a slight friction," he explained, "to make it effective." He rubbed a bit of absorbent cotton upon the metal. Instantly the green was wiped away. The acid ate into the copper with remarkable rapidity.

"If it does that to copper," he said, "just imagine what effect it would have on a man's stomach. The effect of this poison would be a terrible burning sensation in the throat and stomach. This would be followed by convulsions. Death would be the result."

Professor Galpin will analyze the contents of the bottle for the Journal in order to ascertain the exact nature of its ingredients.

MAY EXHUME SCHMIDT.

Evidence Found by the Journal of His Death by Poison Changes Olcott's Plans.

As in the case of the murdered Gulesuppe, the authorities will depend to a great extent upon information furnished by the Journal to unravel the mystery which envelops Barber, Zanoli, and the circumstances surrounding the various murders of which he is suspected. Yesterday afternoon the Journal laid facts and information before District Attorney Olcott, which may result in altering his plans to a marked degree. From what Schwartz said it looks as though this man Schmidt died from poison. Of course, the body has been under ground so long that the process of decomposition may have destroyed all traces of poison. But that is not for me to determine.

"This story of Schwartz's is a very valuable one, and may prove of great use to the prosecution," said Mr. Olcott. In fact, it may result in altering his plans to a marked degree. From what Schwartz said it looks as though this man Schmidt died from poison. Of course, the body has been under ground so long that the process of decomposition may have destroyed all traces of poison. But that is not for me to determine.

"I shall hear Schwartz's story in person. I will consult our medical experts as to the probability of any traces of the poison still remaining in the corpse. If they think there is a probability of finding any evidence whatever I shall order its exhumation."

Schwartz's story of Schmidt's death is strong and will be of great service to us. He certainly describes the symptoms of a man suffering and dying from poison. The swelling of the body and the marked discoloration following death are, as a rule, sure signs. If the circumstances surrounding the death of Schmidt are of a suspicious nature, then these of Lena Schuler, we shall proceed with the case of Schmidt instead of that of the woman.

I shall in all probability have a decision from the medical experts by to-morrow afternoon. As it now looks, the chances are that the body of Schmidt will be exhumed."

The law explicitly stipulates that in the absence of relatives no one but the District Attorney has the power to order the exhumation of a corpse.

Inorganic or metallic poisons are of a particularly resisting nature, and have been known to leave unmistakable traces of their existence long after the body and bones have been moldered into dust. Even where the poison has been organic, symptoms of the drug have been known to persist for a long time after all forms of T. Galy's analytical chemist. No. 1013 Sixth avenue, whose work in the Gulesuppe case was of such value in building up a strong case of circumstantial evidence, is sanguine that the chance of finding poison in the body of Schmidt is favorable.

"Of course," he said, "there is always the uncertainty of chemical action. The intermixing of substances in the earth may create a poison, and, for that matter, the very act of decomposition may result in the formation of poisonous stuff. Yet I think that in order to satisfy every one and leave no chances for after-dreets, the body of Schmidt ought to be taken up and submitted to a chemical analysis. If the poison used to kill him was organic the chances are there are traces of it still remaining. It takes a long time to obliterate all traces of mineral poisons. But even if the deadly dose were organic or vegetable poison, there is a probability of a trace being found."

ACTOR TERRISS DIES BY ASSASSIN'S KNIFE.

Stabbed While Entering the Adelphi Theatre in London.

MISS MILLWARD'S GRIEF.

Player Passes Away in the Arms of His Leading Lady as She Weeps Over Him.

WORK OF EX-"SUPER" PRINCE

Motive Believed to Be Revenge Because He Was Refused Aid. Gives Himself Up to the Police.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.) London, Dec. 16.—The biggest night sensation London has had in years occurred this evening, when William Terriss, England's romantic actor, was stabbed to the heart just as he was entering the stage door of the Adelphi Theatre, where he was playing the leading part in William Gillette's play, "Secret Service." Terriss died in a few minutes in the arms of Miss Millward, the leading lady in the play, who cried over him and kissed him.

The tragedy occurred but a few feet from the Strand, which at that hour was crowded with thousands going to the theatres. The audience at the Adelphi, where Terriss has received the applause of crowded houses every night since he opened in the part of the Northern spy in Richmond, was quickly dismissed and the theatre closed. The news spread like lightning in all the adjacent hotels, clubs and cafes.

The Adelphi is in the very heart of night life in London, across the street from the Hotel Cecil and within a few minutes of Trafalgar Square and the Grand, Victoria and Metropole hotels. At all of these places tickers announced the tragedy within a very short time of its occurrence. It was known to all the other London theatres before the conclusion of the first act, and thousands of newsboys ran shouting "extras" through the leading thoroughfares.

Assassin Formerly a "Super." The assassin was Richard Archer Prince, formerly employed as a "super" at the Adelphi, but lately out of work. The motive for the crime is unknown, but it is supposed that Prince had applied for aid to a professional committee of which Terriss was a member, and, being refused, conceived a hatred against him.

Prince gave himself up and was taken to Bow street station, where he admitted the murder. The following is the tragedy as described by an eye witness:

"Shortly before a quarter to 8 I saw a brougham drive up to the stage door of the Adelphi, in Maiden lane. Terriss jumped out and stepped hastily toward the theatre without looking to the right or left. "Almost immediately I saw a man dart from the shade of a neighboring shop and run toward Mr. Terriss. For the moment I only thought he was begging. Soon, however, I saw that he was deadly serious. He had plunged a long knife into Mr. Terriss's breast, almost bearing him to the ground with the savage force of the blow."

Two Other Wounds. "Terriss was holding a glove in his left hand and, dropping it, appeared for a moment to seize the murderer. In an instant, however, two other blows had been inflicted, without a sound from the victim. The deed, however, was witnessed by many, and a rush was made to his assistance.

"The stage door was partly open and a commissionaire rushed to the rescue. Poor Terriss was covered with blood by the time the commissionaire and a police sergeant had carried him inside."

Dr. W. C. Hayward, senior house physician of Charing Cross Hospital, said:

"I was called at 7:30, and went to the entrance from Maiden lane into the back of the theatre. Just inside the door and near the stairs Terriss lay with his head supported by Miss Millward. His vest and undergarments were open and a large piece of ice was on his wound directly over the heart. He was breathing heavily."

There Was No Hope.

"After an examination of this and two other wounds, I saw there was no hope, and that death must ensue almost immediately from the extensive internal hemorrhage. Mr. Terriss was not quite unconscious, but writhed once or twice, and tried to brush Miss Millward away."

"She kissed him, and said: 'Don't you know me?' but no reply came further than an ejaculation of 'Oh, my God!' with a convulsive movement of the lower limbs. Then he lay still until he gasped once and died."

A large audience had assembled inside the theatre waiting to be entertained by Terriss. The curtain did not go up at the usual time and the audience were at first impatient, then mystified by the delay. Little dreaming that the man they so idolized was lying a corpse behind the scenes.

Ultimately an official of the theatre went to the footlights and announced that Mr. Terriss had met with an accident, and that no performance could take place. More mystified than ever, and wondering why the part of Captain Thorne was not played by Terriss's understudy, the great audience fled slowly out, received back its money and then gradually learned from the excited talk with which the Strand rang the bare outlines of the tragedy. The lights in front of the theatre were lowered, and as carriage after carriage rolled up the occupants were informed of what had happened. Great crowds thronged the scene, and during the evening one of the theatre attendants pasted pieces of paper over Terriss's name on the phylipps. Afterwards these bills were taken down altogether.

Haunted Stage Door.

For several nights past a man, who may prove to be the prisoner, has been haunting the Adelphi stage door, inquiring for Terriss. His behavior last evening became so annoying that Harry Nichols, one of Terriss's principal colleagues, had to order him to leave. No importance was attached to the incident at the time.

Miss Ellaline Terriss, the dead actor's daughter, was dangerously ill recently and is still in a serious condition. Seymour Hicks, the husband of Miss Ellaline Terriss, did not appear to-night at the Gaiety Theatre.

Three weeks ago Terriss said to a friend:



WILLIAM TERRISS.

Wm. Terriss and Miss Millward

As the actor was about to enter the Adelphi Theatre, in London, last evening, a former "super" named Prince stabbed him three times. Terriss was carried into the theatre and died a few minutes later in the arms of Miss Millward, his leading lady. She was overcome with grief, and kissed him and wept over his body. The assassin is locked up in a Bow Street cell.

"I'm longing to play in a new style of drama. I'm tired of being accused of murder every night and being proved innocent about 11 o'clock."

Fredrick Lane, who was the understudy of Terriss in his part of Captain Thorne, declares that he dreamed about the assassination the previous night, and when he got to the theatre yesterday morning he told the members of the company about it. The engagement of Terriss at the Adelphi would have ended in the new year, when his programme consisted of a tour in the provinces preparatory to a trip to South Africa.

Career of William Terriss.

The late William Terriss was born in London, October 18, 1851. His father was a Jewish County gentleman and his mother a sister of the celebrated historian of Greece, the late George Grote, closely allied to the Earl of Zetland. Terriss was a nom de theatre, his real name being William Lewin.

When a boy of thirteen he entered the Royal English Navy as a midshipman, but the discipline of the service proved too much for the mercurial marine. Sailing for Australia, he there was successively an engineer, a bank clerk, an employee on the Stock Exchange and in tobacco and wine houses. But his restless spirit still demanded further change, and he sailed for Ceylon, with the intention of joining his elder brother, Colonel Lewin, in tea planting.

The ship was wrecked in a cyclone at the mouth of the River Hooghly, and all but four of the ship's company were lost. Terriss saved his life by swimming, and his adventures, which he has written up in a large sheet of paper, are full of interest.

Among his most highly prized treasures was the medal of the Royal Humane Society. After six months of tea planting in the jungles of Assam, he returned to England. He made up his mind to follow a profession, and, as he used to say, "went wool gathering" in a large sheet of paper, and an actor it was. After playing two years in London he foresaw the footlights, and, as he used to say, "went wool gathering" in a large sheet of paper, and an actor it was. After playing two years in London he foresaw the footlights, and, as he used to say, "went wool gathering" in a large sheet of paper, and an actor it was.

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appearing here in light opera and gayety burlesque.

SHOCK TO GILLETTE.

He and Members of the American "Secret Service" Company Cable Their Condolences to London.

Pittsburg, Dec. 16.—William Gillette, who created the part in "Secret Service" which William Terriss was playing, was seen at the Adelphi Theatre to-night. When told of the murder he wrote the following:

"I am unspeakably shocked by the news of William Terriss's assassination. He was a most gentle, sweet, modest and lovable man, living a quiet and blameless life. His untimely death must have been insane. All London will mourn his loss and we who knew him mourn with his countrymen."

A telegram of condolence was sent to London by Mr. Gillette and the members of the American company who had played with Mr. Terriss.

FAILED TO CATCH GODOY.

Famous Insurgent Leader Got Away on the Olivette, and Blanco Is Furious at the Escape.

By George Clarke Musgrave.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.) Havana, Dec. 15, via Key West.—Shortly after the departure of the Plant Line steamer Olivette yesterday for Key West, Spanish officials claimed that they had received information that the famous insurgent leader El Inglesito, otherwise Alfredo Godoy, was aboard bound for the United States.

The captain of the harbor police was immediately summoned and instructed to overhaul the Olivette and bring Inglesito back. A number of police in the fastest launch procurable set out in pursuit, but were unable to overtake the steamer. When the police returned and reported their failure, Blanco was so enraged that he threatened to court martial all concerned.



Mistakes Easily Made

Of Special Interest to Our Women Readers.

There